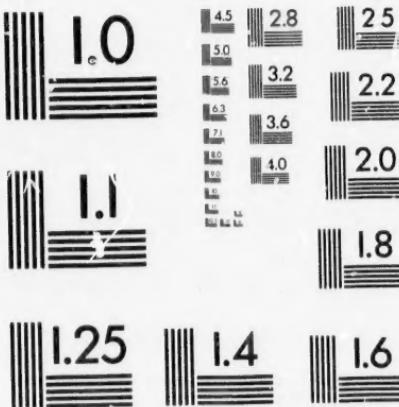


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# NIGHT OF DOOM.

BY THOMAS ELLWOOD.

Composed expressly in aid of a Foundling Home, for the city  
of Halifax, and presented to the Mayor and  
Corporation for that purpose.

HALIFAX :  
PRINTED BY JAMES BOWES & SONS,  
1865.

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5024 - Mar. 25/20

To his Worship the Mayor and the worthy Corporation of the city of Halifax, the author begs to present a first edition of his Poem, which is now in the hands of Messrs. Bowes & Sons, shortly to be issued; that the profits of the sale may be applied to a Foundling Home fund. The instigation of the work for such a purpose was, the author would respectfully intimate, a speech of the Rev. Mr. Uniacke, in the course of which he pathetically spoke of your public institutions—ending with a remark on the necessity of a Foundling refuge in your city. The author trusts that, should it merit his approval and acceptance, his Worship will second the publishers in bringing it to the patronage of the citizen philanthropists of Halifax.

January 18, 1865.

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*Committee Room, March 9, 1865.*

In placing the Poem of "Thomas Ellwood," entitled the "NIGHT OF DOOM," before the Committee of the City Free Library, the Committee are of opinion that the thanks of the City Council should be tendered to the benevolent author for his praiseworthy efforts in aid of an Institution so necessary to the requirements of a city where Philanthropy has always been cherished as a Christian charity.

(Signed)

JAMES TOBIN,  
*Chairman C.F.L.C.*

## THE ARGUMENT.

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THE last new year approaches. Satan is seen inciting his armies to prevent his followers on earth from benefitting by the warnings of this season,—expresses his conviction that it will be the last, and shows what the christian Church will do if seized with the same conviction. An Angel summons the powers of Time to a convocation on Mount Olympus, and protests that Time shall be no more. Time relates some features of his reign, and declares the whole pageant to be for the benefit of the Saints, that they may redouble their efforts. Faith and Hope speak of the characteristics of their province. Death shews his new character since the Death and Resurrection of Christ,—and presents two visions of his kingdom: one of the entry of the King of Babylon to the place of departed Spirits,—the other of a young Christian's assumption to the abode of blessed Souls. Time takes his farewell of Creation, and delivers his completed records to Christ, in order to the final Judgment. The Angel again summons these powers for the last day. Angels and blessed souls bestow the scene on the Church in a Dream. The clouds close again on Olympus, and the vision is ended.



## NIGHT OF DOOM.

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FAST ebbing flowed her tide of silver sound  
That for long quiv'ring years had filled heaven's round ;  
Beneath the crystal of the farthest sky  
The peopled zodiac strained her every eye ;  
While all the stars, as for some pageant drest,  
List what the approaching vision shall attest :  
On the long marches of his dreadless way  
Majestic Saturn seemed his course to stay,  
Forbore awhile his starry grain to mow  
And Sunward nodded with his frozen brow :  
Espoused of Earth, eldest of deities,  
Most ancient Uranus is seen to rise  
And ask old Saturn o'er his airy zone  
What magic spell hath all the Heavens undone ;  
Till Neptune joins, and, on the Sun's last sod,  
Awaits with me the mandate of my God.  
But who that day shall lead celestial song  
Of dirge or pean to roll their orbs among ?  
This shall the tiny asteroids supply,  
In closer orbit cymbals of the sky ;  
At once they lead the new unwonted strain,  
Strike each to each and fill the solar fane  
Her choirs begun, the aged earth forgoes  
Her wonted speed, and from Olympus throws  
What vapours hide her majesty of form,  
And stills the fury of her wreathing storm ;  
While the full concourse of her nightly train  
Now soft, now loud charms with the alternate strain.  
Then short-lived meteors crowd the midnight sky,  
Eager to see and shine before they die ;

Once deified, some comet must return,  
 Though on a less obsequious age to burn,  
 And, pendant o'er some northern clime beholds  
 The mystic rite whose flaming torch he holds :  
 Electric light is round the zenith spread  
 And brightly canopies th' illustrious dead ;  
 Far darting angel pinions seem to beat  
 Some gorgeous carpet fit for angel feet :  
 Thus did the heavens and earth appear to view ;  
 That, as some herald were descending through ;  
 This, as the earthy had resigned her sway  
 And saints beheld their long expected day.  
 But not as yet the happy change is o'er,  
 While 'mid such notes thunders are heard to roar ;  
 Through these descend the brooding storm to view,  
 To learn the awful lesson and the true,  
 How devils can their dying year redeem  
 And Satan make its final hours his theme.  
 Where waiting for her army of the dead  
 The encampment of eternal wrath is spread.  
 The powers of hell in convocation plan  
 A final triumph on the bliss of man,  
 Where the Redeemer's cross neglected lies  
 And quite refused is his sacrifice.  
 The yet Archangel of that filial band  
 And sons of falsehood dares once more to stand  
 Commanding silence to the billowed flame  
 Wringing this tribute of infernal fame ;  
 "If marks of wrath could yet more ominous be,  
 "Or hell proclaim the approaching deity—  
 "If darker horror in this breast could dwell,  
 "Or coming thraldom warn me of its spell—  
 "If sin could sin, then fear must be the crime,  
 "Let man alone lament departing time :  
 "But, warned of heaven, if he, too soon apprized,  
 "See signs of judgment gath'ring undisguised—  
 "If, as of old, earth's great chaldean throne,  
 "Awed by a cry, Jehovah's kingdom own ;  
 "And, urged by fear, the old alliance yield,  
 "Ye dauntless powers shall needless take the field :

" Know that your noblest trophies are, that day,  
 " The affrighted hosts that, else, I lead away—  
 " Unsevered life descending through the gloom  
 " To hail a horror of untasted doom :  
 " They in the gardens of my harvest lie  
 " Whose fond illusion once was to defy ;  
 " But thrice I thirst before the eye of Heaven,  
 " That her now doubtful armies may be riven—  
 " That hour to mock the exulting Church on high,  
 " And drag her cherished from the accorded sky :  
 " Then (but I warn you not of hours no more,  
 " Or state more dismal than this turbid shore—  
 " Implore you not the Deity to fly—  
 " Nor ask revoked sentence, nor to die )  
 " Hurry my victims o'er the closing year,  
 " Pollute the saint's and stun the sinner's ear,  
 " Pave with their promises the path to hell,  
 " And let no heavenly charmer break the spell !  
 Heaven answered with her sweet celestial close  
 Of moving spheres; his ear immortal knows  
 Whose quick immured majesty they tell :  
 With furious challenge to the angelic knell  
 (Stung only by the thought, Jehovah reigns)  
 He mocks eternity's intenser pains :  
 His ready ministers for war prepare,  
 And seek with him the world's scarce purer air,  
 Where the proud fable home of Gods is seen,  
 And godlike men, in upper air, serene—  
 In splendid contrast o'er murk Tempe's vale—  
 Sublimer yet becomes the midnight tale ;  
 While too, the sounding heavens with mystic art  
 Charm all but demon ear and human heart :  
 Forth from the altar, hark, the saintly song,  
 Th' impatient cry, Redeemer Lord how long !  
 Which, sadly flung the lonely mountains o'er,  
 Rings in each cliff, and rolls on every shore—  
 Imploring martyrs speed th' impending wrath,  
 And straight responds the God of Sabbath.  
 What gleaming sword divides th' incumbent night,  
 As sweet and absent chorus to invite ?

Heaven, as a Jordan rent asunder, rolls  
In spangled volumes and illumined scrolls ;  
And, as to wipe her milky stain away,  
Reveals the approach of an unwonted day ;  
A herald comes, celestial garb he wears  
In cloud and rainbow, fire and sun appears,  
Stills with his right old ocean's awful mirth,  
And plants his left foot on the quaking earth.  
From Macedon the rooted hills extend  
Each other's tremor till their kingdom's end ;  
This, when its voice surrounding seas absorb,  
Meets frightened billows from the rising orb ;  
Nor shall the trodden firmament again  
Resume in glowing march her wonted train  
Till, lion voiced, the dreadful angel roar,  
And seven thunders lift the swooning shore :  
Who, mounting swiftly her aspiring crown,  
Regards awhile the last Olympic zone—  
Hews from her shining battlements of snow,  
And rolls the brittle avalanche below ;  
Which resting where, with northern verdure clad,  
Once rugged rocks in mossy garb are glad  
From the cold torrent seven thrones arise,  
And round about celestial pavement lies :  
This done, the mighty architect again  
With Godlike utterance woke the assured main ;  
“ Ye powers of time ! whose undiminished sway  
“ Dare not anticipate eternal day—  
“ Whose censorship entailed by wayward man  
“ Thence dates creation and ignoble span—  
“ Who no more potent o'er the heirs of heaven  
“ Must to an endless obloquy be given—  
“ Draw near ! he spake, and straight espying on high  
A watcher and an holy one draw nigh,  
Soars upward to receive the approaching train,  
With seraph concourse glorious lights again,  
As erst, in majesty on sea and land,  
And flaming cherubs shine on either hand.  
The infolding canopies of light meanwhile,  
Unfolding, on the mount of vision smile ;

The asteroids, to hark in gentler dirge,  
 Divinely echoing, str<sup>k</sup> the icy surge ;  
 While from afar the dim ascending row  
 Of doomed powers is seen in marches slow ;  
 Six by attendant spirits of the dead  
 Up to their thrones of adamant are led ;  
 And right and left Faith, Hope, fell Death and Fate,  
 Take round the centre throne their awful seat.  
 Serenely pointing to th' abode of love  
 Faith sat, with clearest vision fixed above,  
 While round her heart the sweetly mentioned just  
 Sing of her temple fires that scorched their dust—  
 Whose image coined on our Redeemer's cost  
 Before him melts—in his fruition lost.  
 Hope, the next music of all mortal tongue,  
 In sullen silence sits, a harp unstrung :  
 For she expectant at the opening sky  
 Reads her dark doom and feels what 'tis to die—  
 Feels all the yearning of her children's breast—  
 Sings with their loud increasing rapture blest—  
 Could year by year with heavenward temper rise  
 And daily learn ;—but none could faith apprise  
 Whose final thought, no deeper than at first,  
 In her begat no such increasing thirst.  
 Unsightly death is on the next seat seen,  
 Who would his visage from the cherubs screen.  
 In snowy robe would shroud his mournful head,  
 And with the listening fates recount his dead.  
 These, with their joyless arms of mortal strife,  
 Unmoved survey the ebbing tide of life—  
 Undaunted meet the cherubs' awful gaze,  
 Nor view the waiting angel with amaze.  
 Only the many voices of this night  
 Could well attune to such unearthly sight :  
 Lulled from her tumult lies th' Ægean deep,  
 Her famous isles, her saints and heroes sleep ;  
 Cliffs scan the expanse for no approaching prow,  
 But o'er the phosphorescent waters bow :  
 Slow, on the far horizon hovering move  
 Fitful auroras, like a brooding dove,

And playful nymphs of night with faintest shriek,  
 And timorous cry, across the waters speak,  
 As swift to sport the fabled nummelsee,  
 In feigned anger on the haunted sea,  
 Saith to the spirits of the night, begone !  
 So, waking from his myrtle bordered lawn,  
 Some early bird began to sing the day,  
 And bid the virgin undines haste away.  
 What ray too soon disturbs the sleeping crest  
 Of sea-girt islands, tending o'er the west ?  
 Time comes, the aged sire of mortal scene,  
 Whose deadly scythe is lit with starry sheen ;  
 'Neath scanty tresses o'er his shoulders east,  
 A hoary beard depends his girdle past ;  
 A changing morsel of Arabian sand,  
 He pondering pours from each alternate hand—  
 Chanting the while, all, all are past away  
 “ Harvest and summer and salvation's day ! ”  
 New reaped, the flowers from early meadows wet,  
 Are to his old worn weapon clinging yet ;  
 With fruitless sting, crushed hopes entwine his feet,  
 And his dull ears despairing hisses greet ;  
 With troublous look he scans th' Olympic throng,  
 And waiting doom beguiled with heavenly song.  
 But lo ! the Patriarch hastens his tardy road  
 To end his reign and reckon with his God.  
 Him with a reverend dignity enthroned,  
 Attending saints in pity wait around,  
 Much awed among the sons of Light to see  
 So true a King bemoaning destiny.  
 A following concourse of the lately dead,  
 Before him thousand sealed records spread,  
 Whom unabashed to meet superior day  
 Fraternal seraphs, smiling, bid to stay :  
 This done, behold the failing Pilgrim rise,  
 And from such glory shade his fading eyes :  
 He speaks “ Celestial herald, I am nigh,  
 “ Whom to depose tribunals blest comply !  
 In quick response, loud thunder shook the sphere,  
 And, when its echoes left the midnight air,

Commanding, from the oracles above  
 Diviner echoes on the mountain strove,  
 Saying, "Times and seasons with the Father dwell,  
 " Seal up the mystery and forbear to tell !  
 Receiving from his aged lips the sound  
 Of time submissive, nature, newly bound,  
 Writhes fearful of the unconsummated spell,  
 And chills to hear her own approaching knell  
 Tolled by the seraph, who at midnight swore,  
 With hand uplift, that Time should be no more.  
 Soon as the adjuring angel had foretold,  
 The heavens dispersed—the earth now waxing old  
 (Whereat fresh silence on the arches hung,  
 And a new springing year passed on unsung)  
 He said, "Rise, bard of yore, and touch the string,  
 " Before thou die the world would hear thee sing  
 " What depth, what height, what glory, and what  
     shame  
 " Have stirred the wide dominions of thy name ;  
 " Declare, O proved of God, a God the while,  
 " Some truth to move and charm the utmost isle !  
 He spake, and heaven and hades raptured seem  
 To hear the scenic bard rehearse his theme ;—  
 Attend Heaven's powers, and earth's late vassals free ;  
 " The days of yore were but new woes to me,  
 " If that wide kingdom I so late resigned,  
 " Already God had unto doom consigned :  
 " And, 'twere the pain of some dead deathless soul,  
 " Had Heaven given up and Hell retained the whole :  
 " And, while I last no bliss veils from my ken,  
 " As shall from yours, the woes of listless men ;  
 " But even thus, since censor first I stood  
 " With power to warn but by my ebbing flood.  
 " So now, nor is all weal or woe explained  
 " By me to further judgment unordained ;  
 " But some broad views of earthly hap detailed  
 " Of goodness spurned—who succoured when it failed,  
 " How kings and kingdoms from such sleep awoke,  
 " And to hoarse echoing Hades vainly spoke  
 " I ope to you ; God, in my final hour,

"Endows His saints, as Hell her fires, with power :  
 "So angels ye, and you ye ransomed sons,  
 "Shall tell this vision to his chosen ones—  
 "Children on earth, that they may loud declare  
 "This midnight vision, and what words ye hear ;  
 "That with the spirits double portion blest,  
 "In charms restless may their voice be drest :  
 "In the once busy city scarce shall cry,  
 "Or child or man but sees the Lamb on high ;  
 "Nor in the market shall this murmur be,  
 "I mourned to you who have not wept with me.  
 "But first, ye powers and souls, I will adore  
 "With you what light, too soon, I know no more :  
 "If by eternals 'tis but meanly done,  
 "Can I, half waked from nothing and urged on  
 "To fevered haste, engage my soul with bliss ?  
 "And yet, time born, man vainly argued this ;  
 "Why vainly ? not that hopeless of the sod  
 "They on my bosom found no space with God ;  
 "But that, blind to the fields enchanted wide,  
 "Seen from the borders of my turbid tide,  
 "Some new substantial pleasures they conceived ;  
 "The sire of lies insures the tale believed,  
 "Who of that fruit which first to Eve he gave,  
 "Hath flung the rest upon my turbid wave,  
 "That my fond mariners may with them sink,  
 "Or lie besotted on my sedgy brink.  
 "The present treasures of my various string  
 "Shall not to you of personages sing  
 "Faith, Hope, Death, Fate, describe how each one  
     bore  
 "Or lost the struggle and the blissful shore.  
 "I pondering muse a universal tongue,  
 "Wherein the total theme of man is sung.  
 "Ye ransomed to your souls recall the hour  
 "How, when new zephyrs urged their gentle power  
 "Of purer scenes around your new-born sense,  
 "Ye looked abroad upon a sea immense  
 "Of many a thousand heedless of such strain  
 "As Orphic could the enchanted world retain.

" This first proposing, now proceed with me  
 " A universal Harmony to see  
 " Twixt the first sad announcement from above  
 " And God's long sequent word and work of love.  
 " Though first with Him ye mourn the awful shade  
 " Of barren night with scarce a heavenly glade  
 " He charmed thy soul, and would glad triumphs tell  
 " To cease thy anger for his Israel ;  
 " Nor strove to check the fire but change the fuel ;  
 " And would, since all are brethren, love should rule  
 " In thy frail breast like sinful—sheathe thy sword  
 " And conquer earth with His dividing word !  
 " Man must not in high places seek the sign  
 " That evil swiftly doth her seat resign ;  
 " Nor ask, when earthquakes whirlwinds, fires ascend  
 " For God, but to a still small voice attend :  
 " And, though amazed at earth's ungrateful throng,  
 " And tempted to forget a cause for song,  
 " Remember well the ever blissful flight  
 " Of souls redeemed—that part of direst night  
 " Awaits a blazing crown—wondered to see  
 " Itself applaud once-scorned destiny  
 " This consolation he would have those think  
 " But just awakened on the dangerous brink—  
 " Unwilling that his children ide stand  
 " And gaze in horror on the doomed strand ;  
 " He bids thee hail the mad advancing mass,  
 " Run back, and cry the deep engulphing pass—  
 " Point to the narrow road that leadeth o'er  
 " And dying, incite some pilgrim to the shore  
 " But little known to earth's most tender breast  
 " All the deep anguish that such chaos blest  
 " When, after many ages brooding o'er,  
 " Heaven's Prince of Peace her Diadem forbore—  
 " With her most precious things half closed the void,  
 " And drove the lurking adders from her side.  
 " Though Justice bid her sea of vengeance roll  
 " Love counts not lost the travail of her soul.  
 " If new amazement on my brow could reign  
 " Twere at this strange new chorus in my train

" Whereof no earnest cheered the songless earth  
 " When first I ruled in widowed Eden's dearth :  
 " For what that day was Eden's lately Lord ?  
 " A mourner mute, and wailing Eve was heard  
 " With him repenting such accursed state,  
 " While in his closing bower the serpent sate  
 " Self-stung ; and Satan from some eminence nigh  
 " In hellish hate cursed joint calamity :  
 " All nature round attests the dire revolt  
 " And trembling creatures wait the dreadful bolt.  
 " I saw indeed the unmolested heaven  
 " In gladness smile as though return were given—  
 " But heard among the spheres this echo fly,  
 " Long sped from earth, the new create must die !  
 " And that the glit'ring orbs themselves must fall  
 " Participate with earth the great recall.  
 " Unknown to me as yet much wonder lay  
 " What year of bliss precedes the eventful day ;  
 " Though of that present age divining true  
 " What full perfection God had held in view—  
 " Of man almost Divine the appointed King,  
 " Wherewith to crown the long devised spring—  
 " When, stooping down, the flower-hid rocks revealed  
 " How long eternal wisdom plowed this field,  
 " Patient to stamp the oft-convulsive sand  
 " With mystic signets of a Father's hand :  
 " But all my being hung on that tale of woe,  
 " And throne usurped by the dreadful foe,  
 " While the still siren lips of Eve proclaim  
 " Earth's Ichabod, and unatoned shame.  
 " But half convinced in humble faith to die  
 " And wait the seed foretold by Deity.  
 " Dark was that early scene, and later days  
 " Accord like dismal hours : what voice of praise  
 " Revived thence us rising from the dust  
 " A deluge deep in every bosom hushed ;  
 " Till only eight Heaven-blest serenely sat  
 " The world's vast funeral o'er on Ararat :  
 " Lo, when the Laws terrific book was given  
 " And men and mountains with like thunder riven,

" Not Israel, in his maker's presence bound,  
 " Heard such concordance of melodious sound  
 " As on our raptured shores break far and wide,  
 " Not in one house but thousand nations to abide.  
 " Till the last bard, what hath creation known ?  
 " What voice hath pierced the all-attentive throne ?  
 " Blood, conquest, riches, mirth, have wrung the sky—  
 " Crowns of revenge, garlands of treachery ;  
 " The archfiend himself could now no longer tell  
 " Where to more gladly reign, or which was hell.  
 " What though strange lights with pristine pow'rs  
     uprise  
 " In various ages, eager for the skies,  
 " Or some philosopher confound mankind  
 " Just waked from surfeit, glad new thoughts to find ?  
 " In him, impulse divine by Pride withheld  
 " Stumbles in paths where God himself should brood ;  
 " While mystic Science, who knew not where to alight  
 " Had woven the rest in loveless heavenless night,  
 " Though ill begotten Gods had lost their sway  
 " And prouder mortals mocked their dumb array.  
 " Thus 'twas my ever doleful lot to see  
 " In noblest Empires by the tribute lea ;  
 " A doleful lot—for I had writ the day  
 " Man owned his highest streng'h was to obey :  
 " And not alone to see but yield to death  
 " These reckless squanderers of too fleeting breath,  
 " And her transgressions by Philistia's fane  
 " Her weeping bards and tabering doves complain :  
 " Despite of God, as, by one age of woe,  
 " His own unfitness wilful man would shew,  
 " And, God repenting, Satan urge his sway—  
 " And proving that, thus claim him endlessly.  
 " But what if earth hath spurned the ancient charm,  
 " Shall e'er the promise lack the promised arm ?  
 " In triumph ever more to be sustained,  
 " If not o'er Saints, on all opposing chained.  
 " Ten thousand blest absorb his rays on high—  
 " Uncounted spotless dress the seventh sky ;  
 " Though were all here shut out still heaven should

see

" Sufficient past her endless theme to be.  
 " But lo ! the heavens with messengers of grace  
 " Are crowned, and clouds of mercy swell the space ;  
 " Some drops have fallen the thirsty nations round,  
 " And all untramped is the warlike ground ;  
 " A year of universal peace is nigh,  
 " And Jew and Gentile hark the oracular sigh.  
 " Now in few words, attendant powers, I speak  
 " What novel strains did o'er the bosom break,  
 " Of that once troubrous waste, through many an age  
 " Besprent with revelling or rent with rage ;  
 " O change averse to all accustomed things !  
 " Weakness is power, and infants rise to kings ;  
 " For thrones and courts no place his realm can give—  
 " Who would a monarch die a child must live—  
 " Who would the universe his own possess  
 " Must loathe himself and sit in nothingness—  
 " Who would be rich in this poor house of clay,  
 " Must all he owns cast, with himself, away—  
 " Who thus disposed such kingdom shall receive,  
 " ('Twas said) shall this new monarch so believe,  
 " As, from one step of unaccustomed love,  
 " Bleeding for others, dying to reign above ;  
 " In every man to see a brother's face,  
 " And give the foreigner a neighbour's place ;  
 " Nor only, thankless, love whom love return,  
 " But for the foe with kind compassion burn ;  
 " Nor entertainers only entertain,  
 " But bid the starving at thy board remain ;  
 " For all the suffering kindly now provide,  
 " And find the foundling a new mother's side ;  
 " The thoughtless harlot heavenward swiftly greet,  
 " Studious to wash the beatific feet,  
 " And guard the stranger from the midnight airs  
 " Perchance to house an angel unawares—  
 " These wonders for all time should glorious last,  
 " But his ascent with stranger signs be graced :  
 " His followers shall the sick restore to life—  
 " Shall cast out devils with superior strife—  
 " Speak with new tongues, and stingless adders hold,

" Whose deadly draughts are voices clear and cold :  
 " But if enquired what passing cycles knew,  
 " Or felt, of God the just—the mild—the true—  
 " I say in each, the darkest, mortal age  
 " There was an ominous power him to presage ;  
 " Since God or once or twice proclaims his word  
 " By dullest man long unperceived, unheard.  
 " First to discourse of his more evident verse,  
 " His written word, and deathless, I rehearse—  
 " By him committed to my anxious charge  
 " As, time by time, I saw the scroll enlarge  
 " Or shrink, while to my comprehensive view  
 " The nations bowed and owned such prophet true.  
 " Thus was my charge, and, by ten thousand scribes  
 " O'er writ, and free from ill-intentioned bribes,  
 " This 'twas my bliss, gnawing all else beside,  
 " To see defy my rock-devouring tide—  
 " This, the terrestrial granary of my Lord—  
 " Here is the food of thousand myriads stored—  
 " Here is the quickening rivulet of thy sod—  
 " Here, till thy bosom owns him, is thy God.  
 " Nor only here hath his compassionate pen  
 " Conveyed strange record to too short lived men :  
 " But, as the Bard of all celestial birth,  
 " Wrote the profaner History of this earth,  
 " Where'er is found the long read minstrel true,  
 " Or unimpeached, ancient of days, 'tis Thou !  
 " When wondering men acknowledged first 'twas here,  
 " A tune to charm the most unwilling ear,  
 " Saying, Time shall know no more celestial sigh  
 " Or scenes again our God to crucify—  
 " With this dying age at once shall pass away  
 " That elder night and profligate array  
 " Which made this blest dominion of our race  
 " Hell's footstool else aye doomed her throne to grace,  
 " While credulous votaries utter no such song  
 " In Brahma's horrid temple standing long—  
 " The Northern Gods must now resign their sway  
 " And Druid groves admit the unwonted day—  
 " Olympus ever must unveiled be,

" And Daphne cease her grainful perjury—  
 " And who the pilgrim stars have long adored  
 " Shall thirsty drink the pleasures of his word ;  
 " In that new kingdom love and peace must reign  
 " Careless of all but everlasting gain :  
 " While we thus looked to see the ramparts fall,  
 " And one loud shout deposit Rahab's wall :  
 " Straight o'er the heavens this solemn note was  
     waived :—  
 " Not many mighty of the flesh are hailed ;  
 " Nor wise nor noble must those vassals be  
 " Who would sit down for evermore with me :  
 " Yea, God hath chosen that by the weaker world  
 " Confounded at his feet the strong behuled—  
 " The foolish sit exultant in the skies  
 " Of inward bliss, and teach the simple wise :  
 " What worth ye vainly trusted not to exist,  
 " In that he made the new-born heavens consist :  
 " Forgetting this, when, all their conflict o'er,  
 " The early preachers here were heard no more :  
 " And strong the Churches now began to rule,  
 " Teaching the world in their eternal school,  
     Whene'er they essayed to knead, not be the leaven,  
 " A wide dominion, not wide love was given.  
 " Hear, O ye sleepers ! thou too passive earth !  
 " How glad are ye to bless this better birth !  
 " Who only hateth not, most surely loves  
 " As little as he hates ; wildly ye move,  
 " If meeting whom ye neither love nor hate ;  
 " This Path above nor narrow is nor straight,  
 " Since all whom Christians meet upon the road  
 " Would help or holpen be to know their God :  
 " And this the reason lies why partly done  
 " The Church her work on earth long had to groan ;  
 " Now, like oft passing angels see her flit,  
 " Dark on the lees of sloth no more to sit.  
 " Till late ponder in Christian days a field,  
 " How great ! that did no fruit to glory yield—  
 " Think 'mid the nations that received the word  
 " How few or falt the life or even heard—

" Those ages count in palpitating sound  
 " Giving to life taking to death around  
 " Granting new thousands in their turn to die  
 " And knowing no check from the solicitous sky :  
 " Asking of Heaven the why, no power can tell  
 " I hear God say, I order all things well,  
 " Called, formed for the glory of my name  
 " Are all that to this meaner mansion came—  
 " And while, like pensive man, thou sayest, my woes,  
 " My joys, my brethren's, and my nation's throes  
 " Are but a drop in this wide moving sphere,  
 " And, ending, would be but a drying tear,  
 " For thee, if none beside, this promise see  
 " Where two or three I in the midst will be.  
 " Thus, wide extended, let thy vision range—  
 " Confessing all things more Divine than strange :  
 " Now, having in full view the various goal  
 " Of me annihilate, of you made whole,  
 " Of universal deluge, this of fire,  
 " Of that long round whose circles never tire,  
 " 'Tis all Divine, I sing, and from the womb  
 " With Prophecies long pregnant, lo they come !  
 " Israel returns to his long chartered land  
 " Mocking no more the Galilean band—  
 " The seed of bliss that Britons helped to sow  
 " In clearest vision Christ alone to shew  
 " When raising high his own celestial writ  
 " Beneath the brass he bade the nations sit  
 " Is now upsprung ; and, in these latter days,  
 " Thine new reviving early Christian rays—  
 " Mohammed bows and Brahma's temples lie  
 " Not half as glorious to the pariah's eye  
 " But hark ! on earth I hear a band despair  
 " When shall our Christ 'mid Christian throngs  
     appear ?  
 " What ? though Bohkara's wastes with tamed hordes  
 " Confess the enchanting music of his words !  
 " What ? though Tartarian steppes impatient mourn  
 " That they had not the crown of Salem worn,  
 " If still our children care not for his charm

" And would unblest forget his fondling arm—  
 " If parents never teach their sons to see  
 " A blissful day only revolves with Thee—  
 " If holiness hath lost its Godlike power  
 " And prayer is thought unmeet for many an hour,  
 " While Sinai's law at morn and eve they sang  
 " And all discourse thereon was bid to hang—  
 " If we, ashamed of one another, stand  
 " Afraid to speak of our one prospect land,  
 " Ashamed of Christ no less, and banish heaven  
 " From all our tongues—if all our thoughts be given  
 " To the hoarse timbrels that around us cry—  
 " Deceive ourselves and 'mid his chosen lie—  
 " If we hear God but as we like the man,  
 " And think the sabbath a superfluous span,  
 " A vacuum joyless,—dare that day to bring  
 " To this what six days had no time to sing :  
 " If we, now that the Heathen are away,  
 " License the rigid children of the day—  
 " Altars of pleasure or of fashion rear,  
 " Feast on sweet instruments and fast from prayer—  
 " If we to one another are no more  
 " Than passing pilgrims for some separate shore—  
 " If this blest gospel hath no power to crown  
 " With the new wreaths that God from heaven throws  
     down  
 " On Virgin youth ; nor make it heavenly wise—  
 " Teach from eternal fountains in the skies  
 " To draw diviner charms, and with them to entice  
 " Through this dark mine to reach the pearl of  
     price—  
 " If vice beneath the blazing rule of day  
 " Can, lizard-like, round this old ruin play—  
 " My duty is not done, my angered Lord  
 " Shall make me share his dread avenging sword :  
 " Comfort yourselves, would aged Time reply,  
 " For this your Lord himself had need to sigh,  
 " Arise ! release the lost of Israel's thrall—  
 " Like him, not saints, but sinners come to call :  
 " First, seek that in thyself the favour be,

" Each hour bethink thee 'tis reality ;  
 " And, though the evening hour or time of prayer  
 " May sweeter reflex to thy bosom bear,  
 " At thy first waking on thy altar fire  
 " Such flame as in the Church thou wouldest aspire ;  
 " For vacant hours, when love seems to subside,  
 " Are Satan's oil cast on the treacherous tide.  
 " Had not vain man forgot that heaven was real—  
 " His speaking lips found in his life no seal—  
 " More evident glories had surmounted high  
 " This world-wide carelessness of destiny :  
 " Now, since are all accountable to heaven  
 " For every talent and occasion given,  
 " Rise, O ye Christians ! by this vision read  
 " That all who know should to the great source lead :  
 Thus saying good counsel from his glitt'ring seat  
 Paternal Time thenceforth in silence sat ;  
 While, from above a sweeter interlude  
 O'er his dark bosom soothing music strewed  
 Till Faith arose, sad, stately, and serene—  
 Resigned to tearless Death ; like that fair Queen  
 Who from red Mars the Latin hero tore  
 And made the man forget the warrior ;  
 Yet not as then did valorous Despair  
 Freeze a mock glory of this faithful fair.  
 While all her shining auditors supply  
 Attentive silence to her symphony :—  
 " Of those by whom Heaven's ambassage was done  
 " Erewhile on earth, three Virgins, I am one :  
 " Whereof at this conjunction of their reign  
 " Oblivious night to own demandeth twain,  
 " That Faith and Hope, who Hopeless sits in woe,  
 " To first evoked nullity may go ;  
 " While Love in God for evermore must smile  
 " On glorious trophies of our triple toil.  
 " As late of Love the triumphs have been told  
 " An everduring precedent, of old ;  
 " Since three unequal have sustained the chime  
 " One from above—necessitous of Time  
 " The rest—Since he hath linked these three

" Inseparate from timeworn man to be—  
 " Made us no less in every age to glow—  
 " Faith hath renowned victories to shew :  
 " When bleeding by the fratricide he lay  
 " Abel I lifted to securer day,—  
 " Attended Abraham to Jordan's strand ;  
 " Again with Joshua hailed the promised land—  
 " And whatsoe'er beguiled the weary way  
 " Of faithful Death or pilgrimage my lay,  
 " Untiring, cheered the Patriarchs above  
 " Or stayed a Samuel with a voice of love :  
 " When I looked on wounds were an open door  
 " Whereby some weary soul was free to soar—  
 " When ebbed the life and flowed the blood beside  
 " There seemed from heaven to run a crystal tide—  
 " Sampson is charmed to the unwonted breast—  
 " Israel can bless, and lay himself to rest—  
 " I, when the Virgin heard her future son,  
 " And her Redeemer, said, His will be done :—  
 " Enoch by me ascended heaven's gate—  
 " Elijah thus on whirling amber sate—  
 " But when the Incarnate Son reigned from the tree  
 " Nor Faith nor Hope confirmed his Calvary.  
 " And, what victorious years beside were given  
 " Spake till to wonder heaven and earth were driven :  
 " The tomb, the pit, the mountain, and the pyre  
 " At their rehearsal, shall for aye expire :  
 " In earth's most troubled ages I most bright  
 " Glow with so strange and so celestial light  
 " That the arch foe would all half Christians greet  
 " To end my reign and counterfeit my seat.  
 " The little child can clasp me in his arms ;  
 " The starry belt not comprehend my charms—  
 " With me the conscious youth is scourged to death ;  
 " Without me proudest monarchs hold their breath—  
 " And, while my anchor roots His kingdom fast  
 " God is the food his happy children taste.  
 " When we with earthly grossness overgrown  
 " The will of God and mammon would have done  
 " Surrounding pleasures tempt the soul away

" Unreal appears all free from visual clay :  
 " Go forth despairing soldiers of our king,  
 " See what eternal harvest Faith can bring !  
 " A thousand lands shall his poor Orphan's feed ;  
 " Collect the wilderness, and God will lead—  
 " Furnish thy feast, the guests will soon be here ;  
 " If these come first, the feast will then appear."  
 Thus saying, the final year her blessing asked  
 And from the august tribunal forth she passed.  
 I hope then, with her last coals to improve  
 Man's ending days, and urge to faith and love.  
 " Not so divine am I as whom ye hear  
 " One to abide—one no more to appear—  
 " With every human bosom I comply,  
 " Live with each birth, with every death I die—  
 " Less fit to reign in every heart alone  
 " Than faith or love, I yet survey the throne.  
 " First felt of angels when this system rose  
 " But now condemned to ignominious close,  
 " Mortals ! to whom this vision is a sign,  
 " What danger I would deprecate is mine ;  
 " The Hypocrite shall see his hope decay,  
 " Vainly expectant of substantial day ;  
 " Who leans on me and only sees the world  
 " Shall from his fragile balcony be hurled ;  
 " If into seas of mercy, O how blest !  
 " A better hope shall fire his throbbing breast.  
 " If thus he suffers some wild breaking dream  
 " Hope will elect a less delusive theme :  
 " And if by angels hope was first decried  
 " Holy become, and thee 'twill sit beside,  
 " Else, leaving in accents of despair,  
 " Twill give thy keys to ever boding fear  
 " Without thy God who shall thy dwelling make ?  
 " Except thy King what watchman long can wake ?  
 " Why trust that for the sky thy children live  
 " If thou their souls no better manna give.  
 " Shorn of thy vain hopes, clothed again in new  
 " A goddess fair I reign and answer true  
 " Each his own oracle, replying within,

"Union of holiness and judge of sin.  
 "Thus purged though thou hope for nought below,  
 "Each crimson twilight will heaven's landscape shew  
 "Each solemn music like heaven's cornet sing—  
 "Each painful hour some consolation bring—  
 "The nervous catapult of mortal woe  
 "Fails to contort with arrowy thrills thy brow ;  
 "So doth the inner messenger beguile,  
 "That they who came to weep return to smile  
 "Unruffled, in thy bosom halos burn  
 "While other lights to helpless wild fire turn.  
 "Mortals ! earth's mighty plain now sees its scope  
 "Yet the last border gives thee room for hope ;  
 "Till in fruition lost and full desire  
 "Shall hope and faith at heaven's high gate expire.  
 "Thus ended Hope—the sweet supernal song  
 "Proclaims ; To whom doth this sweet hope belong—  
 "Who would the glorious title still secure  
 "Himself must purify as he is pure.  
 Then Death arose ; and with sepulchral call  
 Surprised the genii of each haunted hall  
 Who, when in Ephratah our babe was born,  
 Forsook the hill in dark despair to mourn ;  
 Who said, If she who lately spoke thus gained your  
     ear,  
 "Confessing dangerous spells on them that hear,  
 "Much more shall I, if, of my horror shorn,  
 "To half mankind ; the harbinger of morn,  
 "To heirs of heaven ; of whom this bliss they cry  
 "Death where thy sting, and grave thy victory ?  
 "If I have terror whose dismayes are mine ?  
 "Whom do ye see in Faith and Hope divine ?  
 "And whom but God the just do I pourtray  
 "Now ceasing 'mid the shouts of hell to play ?  
 "And 'twas, if long with them I dared comply  
 "Not that I fell from heaven—or they could die—  
 "For this it ends, the Godhead, loth to sit  
 "With hell against his mortals, came to quit  
 "The horrid juncture—broke my fealty,  
 "Who now High heaven, as torture erst, supply :

" Such happy change ye spirits will attest  
 " Whose passport I became to endless rest :  
 " They that confess in woe their course was done  
 " Witness that here their torment was begun  
 " Such wail to utter in their halls of night  
 " As when Earth's scoffers sought a floodless height  
 " Or, floundering in the dark erythrine sea,  
 " Pharaoh was whelmed with Egypt's cavalry :  
 " But if, yet unawakened ! ye would have  
 " These hours of grace exhort you from the grave  
 " Attend C Dreamers ! see ye blest arise  
 " Visions of eldest Death before your eyes—  
 " For this strange hour is filled with power of God :  
 Death waved his hand—the mountain burst abroad,  
 And underneath a vast retreat appeared,  
 Where sounds despairing dismally are heard :  
 Ten thousand tapers blue and sickly glow  
 Not half the shady corridor to shew  
 Faint thunders far below distract their ears,  
 A terrace rings with ever falling tears—  
 Strange moaning breezes sweep the utmost floor,  
 And shadowy forms in myriads wander o'er :  
 When the harsh creak of some high swaying gate,  
 Importing shudders, on all ears doth grate,  
 As widowed Salem's pondrous portal moved  
 By art divine when Salem faithless proved :  
 Here entering, list this yet unwonted sound  
 That fills the startled labyrinth around ;  
 " The firs rejoice and Lebanon is glad  
 " No hewer falls when Babylon is laid ;—  
 Thus spake a voice from earth ; straight I beheld  
 Among the souls many once crowned with gold,  
 Who, 'mid the unnumbered, spurn the sweating floor  
 And congregate at Hades' regal door ;  
 While, seen without, a like terrific troop  
 Swift from above descends with eagle swoop ;  
 It is the King of Babel—Death precedes,  
 And to new sovereignty his victim leads ;  
 While, stung with anguish, all the dark array  
 Taunt the new dead and thus revengeful say ;—

" Hell from beneath is moved to see thee come—  
 " Stirs her to induct thee in thy fitter home :  
 " Art also thou become as weak as we  
 " To give the grave thy pompous heraldry ?  
 " Thy viols are ceased, worms for thy garb are worn ;  
 " O Lucifer ! how fallen ! once Son of morn—  
 " No more to impoverish the nations round—  
 " Thy name no terror—stricken to the ground—  
 " For thou hast said, by me Heaven's path be trod  
 " To exalt my throne above the stars of God :  
 " Where art thou now ? Hell laughs her sport to make  
 " Is this the man that made the kingdoms shake ?  
 " See, the long prison house is open wide  
 " Kings lie in glory—nations sit beside—  
 " The very grave, her flood of woe to staunch,  
 " Disgorges this abominable branch—  
 " A besom of destruction sweeps thy throne,  
 And greater agony is all thy crown :  
 These entering still to urge his awful fears  
 At once the appalling vision disappears  
 Olympus closes to the spheres' glad song  
 Till death again speaks to the amazed throng  
 " Behold the vision of my later reign !  
 And a new scene delights the tranced train :  
 A scene of night once more binds every eye  
 But no sad winds mourn 'neath its canopy—  
 A stately hall appears half lit within,  
 But here Æolian music is the din ;  
 And pleasant voices fill the odorous air  
 From blessed spirits chanting everywhere :  
 Her portals round upon the dews are spread  
 The perfect riches of the entered dead—  
 Their blissful name—diamonds of price that shine  
 For those that feared him in this darkened mine.  
 Hark ! softly cast upon the solemn air  
 The voice of Seraphs wakeless ones can hear  
 And see the Saviour to their bosom give  
 Some sister soul who would no longer live.  
 Again the enrapturing vision is dispersed,  
 And the bright council board appears as erst,

Whose starry choirs urge on the great decree  
 Singing the new world in tenfold harmony,  
 Till ancient Time held up his trembling hand  
 And bid the constellations hush their band ;  
 While thus he spake ;—Farewell, O land of song !  
 “For whom create—o'er whom a monarch long—  
 “Farewell the hills I saw to waste away—  
 “The realms that change, the kingdoms that decay—  
 “The sons of men who scorned my silent word,  
 “And, late repenting, scarcely owned they heard—  
 “Farewell, ye heavens, whose cycles long begun,  
 “In mediate ages yet are scarcely done—  
 “Farewell, ye lost and blest ; ye blest that cry ;  
 “And lost to whom mine were sweet destiny—  
 “Farewell ye shining powers ! who soon again  
 “Descend to grace the high judicial train :  
 “O trump that soundest then annihilate me,  
 “That I meet not such awful scrutiny !  
 “Present these records to that Heir of Heaven  
 “To whom the Father hath all judgment given  
 He said ; and on a gorgeous cloud disposed  
 What annals each successive year had closed ;  
 Now slowly mounting o'er the Eastern steep  
 The mournful Hyades began to weep—  
 With funeral dirge the stars adopt the strain ;  
 The deep is moved, and thunders from the main—  
 The frightened dawn forbears to mount the sky—  
 Far burning craters heave an angry sigh—  
 Till the loud angel stills such wild complaint  
 And stamps the troubled ocean to restraint,  
 Crying, hear ye thrones of Time, of life and death !  
 “What hour ye hear the trumpet's waking breath  
 “To this retreat ye all are bid repair,  
 “And yield the custody of this dark sphere :  
 “This eldest pile must burn the honoured pyre  
 “When Time and Death, Faith, Fate, and Hope  
     expire.  
 “Time, here remaining till that wondrous space,  
 “Seal thy last book and write the hours of grace.  
 Thus spake he, and from off the glitt'ring field

His judgment records shining seraphs wheeled,  
And, with them rising, bow before the throne ;  
Faith, Hope, Death, fate descend to mortals down—  
The spirits of the just with angels go,  
And this bright vision on the Church bestow ;  
Robed in her cloud, Olympus sits on high,  
And Time thus veiled awaits his hour to die.



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